

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

To Meet Miss Dale.

By JANE DREW.

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"YOU'LL never know her by just that description," said Powers, digging diligently into the spaghetti kettle with a chandish cloth. "Rotten shame, the way your relatives land these little jokes on you, anyhow. Don't they know you're keeping bachelor's hall here with me?"

"She won't come here. I'm only to meet her at the train and trot her over to the Long Island terminal. Mother says she's blonde and wears a blue serge suit with a white silk waist and white hat."

"There'll be 9,000 girls dressed just like that, Tommy, you poor fish. Saturday afternoon in the Grand Central. I suppose she has a full description of you, too, slender, distinguished youth with dark blue serge suit, brown low cuts, reddish hair, blue eyes, affable manner."

"Shut up," growled Tom. "Perhaps you'd like to meet her yourself. Nobody'd ever trust you to take a young person under your wing and land her safely in the bosom of her family."

"Yet I shall go with you, Tommy, to see that you behave," Powers warned cheerfully. "Have I ever deserted you in any emergency? No sir. Brother to brother, through thick and thin, I will stand at a safe distance while you meet her."

Therefore, promptly at three minutes before two, waited at the lower level gate two anxious young men, watching for Miss Virginia Dale, from Tuckahoe, N. Y. But one after another the arriving passengers dispersed and there was no young blonde person clad in blue serge with a white hat or white silk waist and blue eyes.

"Did we miss her?" asked Tom anxiously. "If you'd shut up and not get me all rattled, Steve, I'd have been sure."

But Powers failed to respond because he had been accosted by a young person. Certainly she was not the one expected. All pink she was, short ruffled pink skirts above white stockings and black patent leather slippers.

Then brown hair braided into pigtail, big, bunched pink bows hiding her ears and black hair and blue eyes.

"I suppose you're expecting Virginia," she said, in the friendliest fashion possible. "Well, she couldn't come. She's gone to be bridesmaid up at Elaine Farrell's wedding because Anne got sick and couldn't. You are the right one, aren't you? Which is Tommy? I've heard your mother and your grandmother talk so much about you, I guess I just know everything that's ever happened to you ever since you were born."

"How did you know about me?" asked Steve, wistfully. "You're leaving me out."

"Well," she tripped along between them to the taxi happily. "Virginia was telling about you. She says she knew your big brother when he went to the Jussand Military School up where we live. That's about five years ago."

"He's my younger brother," said Powers gravely. "I'm twenty-five."

"Really?" You don't look it. Virginia's nineteen. I'm thirteen. I'm tall for my age, don't you think so? Everybody takes me for fifteen. I didn't tell you my name did I? Guess! "Gwendolen," said Tom hopefully. "Agnes, Evangeline, Beatrice, Barbara Constance."

"Oh dear, no. It's just Betty," she chuckled. "Is this your taxi?"

It was, Steve thought with relief. All the way to the Pennsylvania he kept up a running fire of questions, and finally made them promise on her way home they would meet her, and give her a spaghetti dinner.

"Right up in your most special, secret place," she urged, last of all. "Good-bye. I'll tell Virginia how nice you were. She'll want to know which is the nice, but I don't know myself. Good-bye."

"The little flirt," gasped Tom. "Is there anything she missed?"

"I'm engaged," answered Steve solemnly. "I've got her silver pencil to me and a snapshot of her, and she's going to send me a box of walnut fudge every Saturday. I think she's a honey. You can keep your lotty, golden-haired Virginia."

Letters came from Betty every other day, all to Steve. Likewise the box of fudge. And he answered all loyally and sent back huge boxes of marshmallow dreams and Turkish paste tied in yink satin ribbon. Also he sent out his old kodak that had seen service broad, and various other things.

"I want to," he said, in answer to Tom's teasing. "I never had a kid sister, and she's a honey. It takes my mind off my troubles. Let me alone."

Then came a sudden visit from Ted the younger brother. Certainly he knew the Dale family up at Tuckahoe, he told them, while Steve listened, wide eyed. Virginia was the finest girl ever happened.

"I like her sister," said Steve thoughtfully. "She hasn't any sister," Ted reported flatly.

"Named Betty?"

"No. Betty's Virginia's the one and only."

"Blonde?" queried Tom eagerly.

"No. Brown haired. Dimples, blue eyes little bit of a girl."

The two started at each other, and Tom grinned aggressively. But Steve was a ehado paler and there was a determined look in his eyes. He had a late on Long Island, it appeared, an immediate one. Tom called to him as he left them to take out some Turkish paste with him and a kiddie car for luck.

And when he faced her in the cool living room at her chum's house not far from the Long Island back down from her stand, only in her blue linen dress she looked fully eighteen, and only her eyes and dimples gave her away.

"I just did it for a joke, and because Golly, your sister, said I never could get it over. We went to school together. And at commencement last year you didn't come up, you know, and I'd liked your picture so much, and

## Confessions of a Bride

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I put the anonymous notes in my bag, and I managed to evade Miss ailler when we changed cars. While she arranged for the transfer of her baggage, I departed in a closed taxi for the hotel. I was to wait for Jim, Jr. Daddy had wired him to meet me.

Jim, Jr. was prepared for the most strenuous adventures, judging from the energy corked up in his massive frame. But he didn't want me to take another step in the one I had in hand, he said, although he had to admit that only a woman could take Babs away from her captors successfully And—had I any plan?

To be sure I had. I explained it—a wee bit of a scheme worked out from a scrap of paper. I intended to claim a protector in San Jose, a gentleman of great authority. The mere mention of his name would insure my safety. It was a familiar name, "Curtis," spelled in the English way.

I showed Bob the envelope—showed him the stamp of the Berlin stationer—explained that it had been made for Dr. Hamilton Certels private correspondence—it was a guarantee of good faith between spies.

"Damn queer how things hoop up," said Jim, who likes me because I let him swear without reproach. "To this day I can't believe I saw a ghost at the New York dock."

"Ghost or human, somebody who knows Certels well is playing on Chrys," I averred and then I followed with the details of the morning when Berghoff had given Chrys an envelope, the duplicate of the one in my hand.

"Damn funny!" was Jim's comment. "There's only one thing to do—arrest Berghoff. He's yellow. He'll give me the whole plot away." Jim jumped to his feet as if to attend to that little job on the instant.

"No, you don't! Sit down Jimmy-boy. You're just like Bob—always forgetting that we've got to get that child back, first of all."

"But aren't you afraid? I'm scared enough for you, Sis!"

I did want to see you so Molly and I arranged it with Tommy's mother. She's a dear, and well, it did work out, didn't it?"

"I suppose Molly told you a lot of stuff about me?"

"No," honestly meeting his eyes, only that you'd been over there so long that you need someone to cheer you up and make you take an interest in life. Did you like the fudge?"

"Loved it," he answered, earnestly. "We'll have spaghetti tonight, if you like, and supply even a chaperone if you'll come up."

But she shook her head.

"I can't, but you know the way out now, don't you? You might give me back my pencil now and the snapshot."

"Maybe you thing I don't know when I'm engaged," he answered. There's no comeback. You're going to make good on all that Betty promised me."

## Sister Mary's Kitchen

Although oyster are in market, they are so high in price I'm not buying them. But vegetable oyster, or scallop, is really a very good substitute if carefully prepared.

While the humble mock-oyster does not lend itself to service in a cocktail or on half shell, it strives to please in soup, creamed, scalloped, dipped in batter and fried and numerous other ways.

Instead of scraping the root, try scrubbing it clean, cooking it tender, and skinning it as you would a boiled potato. It is much easier and preserves the oyster taste.

From an old English cook book came the oyster plant receipt I am giving today. I have translated it from pounds, ounces and gills to "plain English" of spoonfuls and cups.

**Menu for Tomorrow.**  
BREAKFAST—Stewed prunes, cooked wheat cereal, toast, coffee.  
LUNCHEON—Baked cheese, brown bread, fruit salad, tea.  
DINNER—Veal chops, casserole potatoes, lima beans, banana and peanut salad, bread and butter, granam pudding, coffee.

**My Own Recipes.**  
This year I've used a lot of pea-

"No, I'm not afraid. If Certels is living, it is a miracle—one worth finding out. Is he is down there, in Mexico, it is for no good to the United States. Isn't that worth finding out, too?"

"Game little girl!" was Jim's comment.

"Certels will not dare to betray himself to me—if he is alive. As for the others—the natives—see—I have a small fortune with me!" I showed him my purse.

"The best reasons for your disappearing—you and Babs—forever!" he exclaimed. "For God's sake throw it up Jane!"

"No, sir!! I'll leave another fortune with you Jimmy-boy! Handy—to be delivered by airplane—if required. See?"

Jim laughed in spite of his foreboding.

"Trust you to stir things up, Sisay! This border patrol job has been blamed monotonous, lately. It's fortunate that your special San Jose happens to be close to my sector. I take it, the next week will be lively for yours truly."

"Let's hope not. But if I do need you—how am I to let you know?"

Then Jim explained methods of signaling which aviators can read from the air.

Anything large and white spread out on the fields in the vicinity of San Jose, he would regard as an S. O. S. But I must remember that there was only one flat spot near San Jose large enough for a ship to taxi on.

"And never mind about a code, he said. "Get a pair of sheets and put 'em out to bleach in the sun. I'll get 'em."

And he added that I could take it for granted that if any one of his bunch saw any queer kind of a code being demonstrated next to San Jose they would be right down on the rescue job.

Thus supported by the handsomest flock of aviators in the air service, I took the train for San Jose.

nuts. They belong to the "fat" group of foods but also contain 500 calories of protein. All in all they are a cheap, nourishing food.

**Scalloped Oyster Plant.**  
3 cupfuls of cooked plant.  
6 tablespoonfuls butter.  
1-4 cupful milk.  
2 teaspoonfuls salt.  
1-4 teaspoonful pepper.  
Bread crumbs.

Rub the oyster plant through a colander. Add part of the butter and all the other ingredients. Mix well. Put in a baking dish, cover the top with bread crumbs and the rest of the butter. Bake a delicate brown and serve hot. It will take about fifteen minutes to bake.

**Baked Cheese.**  
6 slices of bread.  
1-2 pound of cheese.  
1-2 teaspoonful salt.  
1-4 teaspoonful pepper.  
Grate cheese or cut in tiny pieces. Cut crusts off bread. Butter a baking dish and cover bottom with bread. Sprinkle thickly with cheese. Put in another layer of bread if necessary and more cheese. Pour over milk and seasoning. Bake in a moderate oven about thirty minutes.

**Brown Bread.**  
2 eggs.  
1 teaspoonful salt.  
1-2 cupful white sugar.  
1-2 cupful molasses.  
2 1-2 cupfuls graham flour.  
1 1-2 cupfuls white flour.  
2 cupfuls sour milk.  
2 teaspoonfuls soda.  
1 cupful raisins.

Seed raisins. Beat eggs. Add salt, sugar and molasses to eggs. Dissolve soda in milk and add alternately with flour. Add raisins. Bake an hour in a moderate oven.

**Casserole Potatoes.**  
8 or 10 small potatoes.  
2 tablespoonfuls butter.  
1 cupful milk.  
Salt and pepper.

Boil the potatoes until they are half done. Butter a casserole and put in potatoes. Add milk and butter and salt and pepper. Put in the oven and finish cooking.

The surest way to a man's heart is through his stomach. But traveling's high these days.

**Anything for Peace.**  
"You always play the phonograph during meals?"

"Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "Taint that we care for the music, but we do want to do everything to keep the summer boarders from talking about the League of Nations."

—San Francisco Chronicle.

Centipedes usually have 34 legs, but there are other species with as many as 100 or 200 legs.

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## IN THE LOCAL CHURCHES

**GRACE LUTHERAN CHURCH.**  
Third St. and Gaston Ave.  
Roy J. Meyer, Pastor.

Holy Communion will be celebrated in our church tomorrow morning and evening. Let us make this a large communion. To do so every member should be present. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m., Mr. C. A. Pilson, superintendent. Preparatory service to Holy Communion at 10:45 a. m. Holy Communion at 10:45 a. m. The members will be received and children baptised. Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Miss Clara Lehman, leader. Holy Communion at 7:30 p. m. A welcome awaits you here. This is the Friendly Church.

**FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.**  
W. J. Eddy, Pastor.

The pastor will deal with two great themes that ought to be of interest to all. Begin at 9:30 with the Sunday school. 10:30, Junior sermon, "Quarantined." 10:50, "Jesus Christ the Necessary Fundamental in Life's Problems." 10:50, Junior B. Y. P. U. Paul Moore, leader. 6:30, Intermediate B. Y. P. U., Nellie McIntire, leader. 6:30, Senior B. Y. P. U., O. B. Maddox, leader. 2:00, Sunday school Virginia avenue. An attempt will be made to enlist a large number in this school. The purpose is to make this a community work as far as possible. 7:30, evening service, "God's Solution for the World's Problems."

**CHRIST CHURCH.**  
Baird Mitchell, Minister.

9:30 a. m., Sunday school, D. R. Tappan, superintendent. 10:45 a. m., Morning Prayer and sermon. The minister begins a special series of sermons Sunday on "Some Character Studies." You will receive a welcome.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**  
Jackson and Jefferson Sts.  
H. G. Stoetzer, D. D., Minister.

You are most cordially invited to worship with us in the following services tomorrow: Bible school, 9:30; classes for all ages; Mr. J. Walter Barnes, superintendent. Morning service, 10:45; sermon by the pastor of the church, Junior Endeavor Society at 3:30; superintendent, Mrs. E. E. Maston. Senior society, 6:30; Mrs. W. T. Black, superintendent. Evening service, 7:30. The Rotary club of Fairmont and their friends will be present at this service, and the pastor of the church will speak on "Wisdom's Call;" text, "Unto You, O Men, I Call." Mid-week service, Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.

**M. P. TEMPLE.**  
J. C. Broomfield, D. D., Pastor.

Because of my leaving for Japan, China and India, next Tuesday, tomorrow will be my last day in my pulpit for four months. I will appreciate therefore, the presence of all the members and friends of the congregation at both services tomorrow. Sunday school at 9:30 o'clock, Mayor W. W.

Conaway, superintendent. Morning worship at 10:45 o'clock with sermon on "Paul's Farewell at Miletus to the Ephesian Elders." Christian Endeavor at 6:45 o'clock; leader, Mrs. Hermione Helmick. Evening worship at 7:30, with special musical program, and address on "The Call of the World." The following musical program will be rendered at the evening service: Director, Prof. Louis Black; organist, Miss Huffman; Prelude, Cantelena, Havens; Rhapsody, Silver.

**FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**  
Fairmont Ave. and Fourth St.  
Claude E. Goodwin, Pastor.

Services tomorrow as follows: Sunday school at 9:30. This will be a Rally Day service. Every teacher and every scholar will make a special effort to come and bring another. Use the telephone that you might reach some derelict member. Make special visits in the interest of the Sunday school and the church. Show some class pride. Seek to have every member of your class present. Special service at 10:45. The Rally. Day program will be rendered at this hour. The several classes of the Sunday school will finish their study and then go into the auditorium for the service. The membership of the church is asked to attend the Sunday school, if possible; if not, then, to make a special effort to be present at the service in the church. Epworth League devotional meeting at 6:30; subject, "Our Topic and How to Use It." Public worship and sermon at 7:30; subject of sermon, "Bondage to Sin." You will find a hearty welcome at all these services.

**THE FIRST M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.**  
Rebt. J. Yoak, Pastor.

9:30 a. m., Sunday school; 10:45 a. m., worship and sermon. "Religion in the Home" will be the subject. 6:30 p. m., Epworth League; leader, of the league lesson, Mrs. W. M. Down. 7:30 p. m., worship and sermon. Welcome to all services.

**DIAMOND STREET M. E. CHURCH.**  
J. C. Buckley, Pastor.

Sunday school at 9:30; preaching at 10:45; Epworth League at 6:30; preaching at 7:30. The pastor will preach at both services, and will be glad to see all members of the church at the services of the day.

**FLEMING MEMORIAL CHURCH, EDMONT.**  
Geo. W. Guthrie, Minister.

The business of this church is the receiving and winning of souls for Christ. Here is no other excuse for its existence. If it fails in this; if it fails as a church. If you are interested in this business, come and join us. We do not boast nor preach Denominationalism; this saves no souls. We do preach Christ, and

Him Crucified. We invite you to the following services.

Sabbath School and Bible study at 9:30. You will find this service interesting under the Superintendency of Mr. J. B. Strupe, with a corps of well qualified Teachers. Then remain for the service of worship at 10:30, sermon subject: "The Growing Church."

Christian Endeavor at 7:00 P. M. Subject: "Our Pledge, and How to Keep It." A vital and instructive theme. Come and take part. The evening hour of worship is at 8:00, sermon subject: "Go Make Disciples," preached to the point. Come and hear it. We welcome you to our Mid-Week Prayer on Wednesday evening at 8 A. Fellowship Meeting.

**HIGHLAND AVE. M. E. CHURCH.**  
L. A. McNemar, Pastor.

You are cordially invited to attend the Sunday School at 9:30, to worship with us at 10:45, and 7:30 P. M. The theme of the morning sermon is, "The Model Prayer." The Junior Epworth League will furnish the music for service. The theme of the evening message is, "Personal Influence, It's Power and Sacredness."

**THE FIRST M. P. CHURCH.**  
C. C. Lawson, Pastor.

Our Rally Day will be next Sunday, so let every member begin now by coming to Sunday School Tomorrow. Parents come and bring your Children. Sunday School 9:30 A. M. J. A. Swiger, Supt. Classes for all ages. Miss Steel, a returned Missionary will speak at 10:45 A. M. Come and hear her. You cannot afford to miss this lecture. Evening Services, Junior Endeavor 6:30. All parents are urged to send their children to this service. Sermon 7:30. Theme "Thy Barren Fig Tree." You'll find a welcome here.

**CENTRAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH.**  
Bible school at 10 o'clock, Seymour McIntire, superintendent. Morning worship and sermon at eleven o'clock. Evening sermon at 7:30. Dr. L. M. Robinson, of Clarksburg, will preach at both morning and evening services. A good audience should greet this gifted speaker.

**THE STORY LADY**

The Sunday school the Palmers went to, was going to give a program to get money to buy little red chairs for the primary class.

Patty and Prissy were going to sing a song with their class and Mamma tried to drill them at home. Prissy had a sweet little voice and was soon singing "Jesus loves me," very prettily, but Patty who couldn't sing much wouldn't try. She didn't want to go on the platform, but Prissy refused to go without her, so she finally consented.

The night of the program Baby Paul had a cold and Mamma would

not leave him but she dressed the twins in pretty white shoes and stockings and big blue sashes and bows of blue ribbon on their hair and Papa took Peter and the girls to the church.

The program wasn't very long and Mamma was waiting for them when they came back. Papa looked very much amused and Peter looked mad. Mamma put the tired twins to bed and came down to see what it was all about.

"Every one laughed at Patty," said Peter, "and she didn't even know it. She tried to sing this evening and instead of singing 'Jesus loves me' she sang at the top of her voice, 'Jesus loves mama'."

"Don't you see," explained Papa, "when you were teaching it to her when you said 'me' she thought you meant it. And son, don't you ever tell her about it. It would break her heart."

"Well, I won't. But the next time Patty Palmer tries to sing I'm going to stay home."

**WINFIELD**

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Hall and son Richard, were calling on the former's father Mr. T. R. Hall Sunday, last.

Those at Mr. D. C. Bakors Sunday night, last, were Misses Wilma, Opal Hawkins, Edna Swisher, Lavonia Jones and Mrs. Arden Jones.

Misses Mamie, Rachel and Dorothy Baker were calling on Harry Summers and Basil Satterfield Sunday last.

Those at Lee Hawkins Sunday afternoon last were Misses Blanche and Lola Baker, Luann Satterfield and Harvey McDougal.

Salve Summers of Plum run was calling on his son, Mr. Harry Summers one day recently.

Ernest Butcher of Lowville was calling on his sister, Mrs. Basil Satterfield one day this week.

Seth Smith rented a house in Wheaton, Ill., six years ago but there was one part of the cellar he never used. Recently he started to clean it out. Hidden under a pile of stones, he came on \$6000 in gold and silver coins.

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## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM KNEW EXACTLY WHAT WAS IN HELEN'S MIND)—BY ALLMAN.

